

Dinner and a Show of Possession

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/66911317) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/66911317>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Wyatt Hayes , Zane Boodram , Troy Barrett , Evan Dykstra
Additional Tags:	Flirting , Hockey
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-06-26 Words: 1,006 Chapters: 1/1

Dinner and a Show of Possession

by [Chocolatecandy](#)

Summary

A post-workout quickie makes them late for team dinner. Ilya's fine. Shane is glowing. So is their server—who apparently didn't get the memo that Shane is very, very taken.

They were fifteen minutes late to team dinner.

Technically, it wasn't Ilya's fault. Not really.

Sure, Shane had been the one doing his usual post-skate stretch in their home gym—but those tiny, low-slung shorts, the ones that cupped his ass like they were tailored by the gods? That had been entirely premeditated.

Shane had definitely been showing off.

Ilya, being a good husband, had responded in kind. One thing led to another—specifically, Shane on his back next to a rack of dumbbells—and then a not-at-all quick shower followed.

So yes. They were late. Shane was stressed. But he also had that flushed, post-orgasm glow that made Ilya want to drag him right back home again.

They arrived at the restaurant slightly breathless, hand-in-hand. The rest of the Centaurs were already seated, drinks in hand, and Bood was the first to comment.

“Well, well. We thought you two weren't gonna make it. You've got... a glow.”

Shane turned a deep shade of red. Ilya just smirked.

But the smirk faded fast.

Because as they scanned the long table, they realized something was off.
There weren't any seats left beside each other.
The team always saved them two spots together. Always.

Shane hesitated, subtle panic flashing across his face. He didn't like being late. He didn't like being separated. He definitely didn't like the uncertainty of having to choose a new seat mid-social interaction.

Wyatt, across from them, was already halfway to his feet. “I can move.”

Ilya started to wave him off. “No, no. It's fine. We're capable of sitting apart,” he said with mock dramatics, shooting Shane a teasing look. “Even if my husband is boring without me.”

Shane gave him a annoyed look.

He ended up sliding into the open seat between Wyatt and Troy. Ilya took a spot a few chairs down between Dykstra and Bood, not thrilled, but willing to play it cool.

Until the server arrived.

He was young. Polished. Friendly. And apparently unaware that Shane Hollander was both married and extremely taken.

Ilya watched with narrowed eyes as the guy lingered a little too long when taking Shane's drink order, smiling a little too widely, his hand resting just a little too casually on the back of Shane's chair.

Shane, being Shane, was utterly oblivious.

"Could I get a root beer?" Shane asked, polite as ever.

"Absolutely," the server replied, voice warm. "And if you think of anything else you want... just let me know. Anything at all." He winked at Shane.

Ilya blinked. Dykstra choked on his water.

Shane didn't even flinch, already turning to ask Wyatt something about the appetizer menu.

By the time the server returned for entrée orders, the energy was unmistakable. He leaned toward Shane again.

"Still deciding?" the server asked, voice dropping into something close to a purr. He leaned in, eyes fixed on Shane. "No pressure. Take all the time you need. I'm not going anywhere." He muttered—slow, deliberate. "Unless you want me to."

Shane smiled politely, completely unaware. "I'll have the salmon, please."

The server jotted it down, but didn't move right away—his gaze lingered just a second too long before he finally turned and walked off.

Wyatt shot Ilya a look across the table. Bood looked like he was trying not to laugh. Even Troy glanced at Ilya and mouthed, Yikes.

Ilya stood up.

"Wyatt," he said calmly, "trade seats with me."

Wyatt didn't even hesitate.

As Ilya made his way around the table, the conversations quieted just a bit. Not a lot. Just enough.

Ilya slid into the seat next to Shane, reached under the table to pull Shane's chair closer, and laced their fingers together on the tabletop for everyone—including their overly friendly server—to see.

Shane blinked down at their joined hands, then looked at Ilya. "What's going on?"

Troy snorted. "Apparently you've been getting flirted with all night. Looks like Ilya is staking his claims."

Shane's eyes widened. "What? No, he was just being nice."

"He was offering you his entire night," Ilya muttered, glaring in the direction the server had gone.

The server returned a moment later, tray in hand, only to stop short at the obvious display of intertwined fingers and possessive body language radiating from Ilya like heat off ice.

“Can I—uh—get you anything else?” he asked, no longer quite so confident.

Ilya smiled, razor-sharp. “No. We’re good.”

He laced his fingers more deliberately with Shane’s, lifting their joined hands slightly so the whole table could see. Then, casually — but unmistakably — he rested his other hand on Shane’s thigh, fingers spreading just enough to make Shane stiffen in his seat.

“I’ve already got everything I need,” Ilya added, voice low and pointed. “And I’m not sharing.”

The table went quiet for half a second before Bood let out a low whistle. Wyatt smothered a laugh in his drink. Even Dykstra raised an eyebrow.

Shane turned crimson. Ilya just smirked, still watching the server, who now looked anywhere but at Shane.

Point made. Message delivered.

The server nodded quickly and disappeared.

Shane leaned in, lowering his voice and biting his lip nervously. “Was he really flirting with me?”

“You didn’t notice?”

“I was reading the menu!”

Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane’s temple. “You’re cute when you’re clueless.”

Shane shook his head, cheeks pink but lips curved into a smile. “You’re ridiculous.”

Ilya just leaned in, smug and satisfied. “He noticed this, though.” He lifted their joined hands a little. “Point made.”

Later, as the check was being passed around and the team’s teasing died down, Ilya gave Shane a thoughtful look.

“You know what you need?” he said casually. “A Centaurs jersey.”

Shane frowned. “I already have, like, ten.”

“Not like this one,” Ilya said with a sly smile.

“Name on the back: Rozanov’s Husband. Big, bold letters.”

Shane groaned again, laughing under his breath. “Absolutely not.”

Ilya just smirked. “We’ll see.”

Ilya was already pulling out his phone, texting the team's equipment manager with a smirk.

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